

# Crutches, Crosses, Caskets

## Pusha T

[Verse 1: Pusha T]

Crutches, crosses, caskets

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All I see is victims

My young niggas sic' 'em

I don't get 'em

I just get back their jewelry if I'm fuckin' with 'em

Your man crush Mondays be ownin' niggas

My skin is triple black, I'm the omen

You can't kill a God like the Romans

Take my time to craft shit

'Cause I don't like back and forths with Puff about rap shit [Verse 2: Pusha T]

Crutches, crosses, caskets

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All I see is victims

Rappers is victimized at an all-time high

But not I, you pop niggas thought I let it fly

I'm Yasiel Puig, I'm in another league

I defected, only thing we have in common, niggas bleed

In ya thousand dollar joggers as you rhyme about ya dollars

Is there shame when a platinum rapper's mother lives in squalor?

Mildred's in the Bahamas for the month

She's probably sitting in her pajamas having lunch

Swordfish, my reality is more fish

Banana clips for all you Curious Georges

Old niggas slapping young niggas

Ha Imagine that, where you from nigga? [Verse 3: Pusha T]

Crutches, crosses, caskets

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All I see is death by the masses

The only asterisk is the change of address

My infinity pool as long as Magic's

Yeah I let Zillow change my pillows

The home is so inviting, the Porsche is the armadillo

The silhouette

The pop, pop, pop; the chop, chop, chop

The throwaway tech got Tourettes

It's more than this drug money, I love money

I speak to your soul and that's above money

This the ministry of street energy  
The church of criminology, teaching my chemistries  
Woo I'm the L. Ron Hubbard of the cupboard  
To some certain motherfuckers gotta love it[Outro]

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